

March 18-21, 1982, p. 2

The nerve of him. Complaining to me about something the Committee did or did not do. Perhaps if he got off his ass and did something himself he would have less to complain about. He is taking a course at the University of Scranton now and will not be able to attend any of the meetings for eight weeks, I believe he said. Perhaps I am using Tomaine as an object upon which to spill out my frustrations, but he makes me furious. He is so much against getting things done. He talks a good show, as they say, or whatever the expression is. But he never gets off his ass and does anything. He always talks in hypotheticals and tends to always get off the topic at hand. When we are discussing restoring Carbondale City Hall, he wants to talk about establishing a railroad museum in Carbondale, or about castles in Spain. It's infuriating. I am prepared to discuss any topic anyone wants to discuss at length any time they want to. But I am not prepared to engage in endless chatter when things have to be done. Let's keep the matter in focus. Let's take action. As we left Mister Donut, Tomaine and I agreed that we would meet at McDonnell's at noon on Friday for lunch. I was there at the stroke of 12 and waited for an hour and he never showed up. I had lunch and left. At that point, I was ready to murder Tomaine. On Friday morning at 9 A.M. I appeared at the NEWS office and David and I went to the Liberty Bank and deposited contributions that have recently been made to the Committee and also was given checks by DJB for supplies that I purchased to erect the plastic covering on the clock. I gave David the two Mitchell Hose Company articles that I recently wrote, for publication in the NEWS and he seemed pleased. I did not tell him that I was going to ask Phil Heth for a job with the NEWS, even though I knew it at the time, i.e., I knew I was going to hand Heth the letter that I had written asking to work in afrelance capacity for the NEWS. Phil was not in. He is in the hospital having his appendix removed. He should be back at his desk by April 2, when I would like to talk to him about a freelance, perhaps part-time, job. At the moment I can't seem to recall what I did after meeting with David at the NEWS. I do recall, and should have mentioned above, that David handed me the incorporation papers that arrived at the NEWS, when he arrived at the meeting, no, I tell a lie, he handed them to me as Horlacher was answering a question from the floor--It was a nice moment. Simultaneous activity. Maximum use of time in order to get things done. He handed them to me very proudly. I hope David does not leave the NEWS in the near future. He is very good for the Committee and very good for Carbondale and we need him. David reported that the YMCA is looking for someone to help them with completing a National Register nomination form and said that I would perhaps help them. I said that I would be delighted to do so. At the meeting, David told Tom Horlacher that the Y was interested in engaging him to do some work for them, and that is grand. The Y apparently has some money to spend. I went round to see Robert Bifano, Executive Director of the Carbondale YMCA, after I finished talking with David on Friday morning. He seems to be somewhat non-directed, mushy, unfocused. Perhaps I am wrong, but he appeared that way. My impression is that he is another one of those people who spend their whole lives reacting and never acting, although he must be other than I originally perceived him to be because he is the Executive Director of the YMCA. I hope that I am wrong in my initial perception of him. After I left Bifano I went down to the Post Office and collected up the mail, and there was quite a bit of it and that pleased me greatly. I took the mail and went to McDonnells and waited for Tomaine and he never showed up. I sat at the counter between Chief Dottle and Jimmy Spall. It was quite a trio. We all acknowledged each other's presence, but did not really speak to each other. Very advanced behavior. Very pleasant. I went home after lunch and prepared the mailing of III, 3, which is beautiful, very beautiful. On the way home from town I stopped in at the Mirror and Paul Starzer was there. He gave me back one of the pages

March 18-21, 1982, page 3

from Stoddard that he used to print the release on III, 3. The other, said he, is at home, and he will get it to me. I will have to perhaps remind him that he has it. I told him that I was hard at work on the mayor's series, and he made no reply. Little did I know that in two weeks' time that the MIRROR would suspend publication. Paul probably knew about it at the time, in fact, he doubtless knew about it at the time. His treatment of III, 3 was very nice. He did a separate article, actually a reprint of the portions of III, 3 about Lake Lodore and about Newton Lake. He printed the release with the C. D. Winter photo and also did an article about the educational and historical activities that will take place under the sponsorship of the CRCCH in August. I was very pleased and told him that I was and he appreciated hearing it, I'm sure. Friday night was wonderfully quiet at home: dinner, Rukeyser, preparaton of the mailing. HLRP had an errand to run in town on Friday afternoon and so about 2 P.M. on Friday she and I went into town and after we did her errand, I asked if we had time to drive to Forest City and pick up a copy of the November 26, 1981 issue of the Forest City News, which contains an article on III, 2. She was more than pleased to drive to Forest City and we did that and arrived home at 4 P.M. After Rukeyser went off, WSP and I drove to Scranton to pick up DWP at the Greyhound station. He sat in the back seat on the way home and I was in the front. WSP, naturally, at the wheel. I was very quiet. When we got to Box 29, DWP supped and I had some more to eat and we watched television and chatted and retired. On Saturday morning I got up at 8 A.M. and was in City Hall by 9 A.M., where I was joined by Rob Lewis, who was also at the meeting on 03-18-1982, and John Buberniak and John Revak. I took a sketch of the City seal that appears on the Bulletin Board in the lobby of City Hall and with the assistance of Rob Lewis and John Revak took the measurements of the principal rooms on the third floor of City Hall, and will, on the basis of the floor plans that I draw up, use those descriptions to solicit financial support for the restoration: Here is the list of rooms that need to be restored. Fix up this room and we will name it after anyone who you like. When we had finished that we went up to the clock level of the tower and continued to scrape paint from the inside of the clock faces. It is not all off--the faces look better at night because the light shines through better, but in the daytime the faces look a bit grimy. Trade offs, trade offs. John Revak had to leave a little early and John Buberniak was snooping around in the books on the third floor. He located the 1939 WPA Geographical History of Lackawanna County on the third floor in so snooping. Rob Lewis will have a souvenir stand at Pioneer Days and I asked him if he would be willing to sell on concession copies of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA. He seemed to be willing, and will discuss the matter with his partner. On Friday afternoon when HLRP and I were doing errands, I dropped off a complete set of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA at Rob Lewis' desk at Rea & Derick. He seemed startled to see me in Rea & Derick but handled himself very well I must say. At twelve o'clock I went across the McDonnell's and lunched with John Buberniak. From the table in the restaurant I spotted DWP driving up to City Hall and John ran out and got him and brought him into McDonnells. We three went to Kurt Reed's so that DWP could pick up some more photographs. Kurt gave John Buberniak a tour of the barn and John was pleased. We had a grand time, and spent several hours. We dropped John off at his house (on the back road, which used to be a gravity track) and that was that. When we arrived home, dinner was just about ready. Perfect timing. Sunday morning DWP and I went to the Mid-Valley Flea Market. It was terrible; cold and just junk. We returned home for dinner (roast chicken) and were driven to Scranton by WSP in time for our 3:30 P.M. busses, his to Philadelphia and mine to New York. I was exhausted and largely slept on the bus ride back. In the evening at 790 I worked on the Carbondale Calendar 1983. I will not tell anyone about the Calendar until it is in print. I am very excited about it and it is just possible that I can make a few thousand dollars selling it. That would be very nice, as I do need the money. On Sunday morning on our way back from Mid-Valley, I dropped into the mail chute at 41 N. Church, my letter to Phil Heth. We shall see. End.